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What prouder story could we relate to them,  
Than that we treasure as a priceless gem,  
The History of the Cecelians.

By this you see, I look ahead,  
Into our future life;  
And give to each, to make life smooth,  
The happiness of a wife.  
Of course I do, and with her you'll be blest,  
And "honor bright" I think you'll not find rest,  
Without some small Cecelians.

Our choir is young, but our success,  
I know has richly paid us;  
How could we fail, when we have got  
A "Samson's" strength to aid us?  
The future is something that we do not fear,  
And only ask the public all to come and hear  
The Music of the Cecelians.

Of what we do we will not brag,  
And at this point we'll pause—  
And leave the public (if we deserve)  
To give us their applause.  
And what we do, they'll find us "up to time;"  
And to bring our music to a point sublime  
Is the Aim of the Cecelians.

Well, boys, now let us all pitch in  
And enjoy the fun to-day;  
Perhaps when next we have our Feast,  
Some will be far away.  
Where'er we are, we cannot well forget,  
That jovial time, when we all met  
At the Feast of the Cecelians.  
G. K. WALCOTT,  
*One of the Cecelians.*

#### MOLLENHAUER'S CONSERVATORY.

Edward Mollenhauer has opened in Schuberth's Building, No. 820 Broadway, the Musical Conservatory, of which he is director. The professors number the brothers Mollenhauer, both very accomplished musicians, Ferdinand Ritter, Messrs. Tomoro and Gianetti, Schreiber, Heydtmann, Schrimpf, Gooschel, Lepeal, Wellenstein and Hennig, well-known in their departments of music. This institution has every promise of growth to meet a wide and highly intelligent demand. The professorships are unusually varied and able. The price per year of 80 lessons is but \$32.

#### MATTERS THEATRIC.

The present is announced as the last week of Mr. Dillon's engagement at the Broadway Theatre. During the past month the gentleman has played a round of "legitimate" characters, in most of which he has shown evidences of a high order of talent, but through some of his later personations there has run a vein of mediocrity far from agreeable to his admirers, and which is all the more noticeable from the evident care and study which he has expended on most of his parts. On Monday evening of this week the "Wonder" was revived, with Mr. Dillon as Don Felix, a part entirely unsuited to his style of acting, but in which he succeeded in making several good "points,"

though, as a whole, the performance was unsatisfactory, the gentleman's bump of humor not being sufficiently developed to make his comedy acting altogether enjoyable. In passages of intense passion and pathos Mr. Dillon is almost without a rival; take for instance his "Belphegor," "Louis XI," and parts of "Othello," in which he is superb, and which are wonderful specimens of lifelike and impassioned acting, but in comedy he is all at sea, and although, as I have before said, he succeeds in making several good points, the general performance is marred by a too great preponderance of melodramatic style and bearing.

Mr. Dillon's engagement however, on the whole, has been a successful one; at all events he has laid the foundation for a pure, natural, unexaggerated style of acting that must in time become popular as it represents the most perfect school of the Drama that at some day must supplant the ranting, bombastic school which, although it may delight the be-peanuttied audiences of the East side, never can, or at least never should, be tolerated upon the stage by all who look to the Drama as something not only to amuse but to instruct and elevate the mind.

Miss Kate Reignolds has been added to the Broadway Theatre company and played on Monday evening Donna Violante in the "Wonder," and Cleopatra in the amusing, but rather broad after-piece of "Antony and Cleopatra." Her Donna Violante is very amusing, but marred by an excess of laughter and exaggeration; her Cleopatra is a much better performance, and, although at times a little léger, is extremely funny and amusing and marked by a *vim* and piquancy eminently Frenchy and delightful.

Mr. Stuart Robson made his first appearance at the Olympic on Thursday evening of last week, in the burlesque of "Hamlet, or Wearing of the Black." The burlesque is a very clever burlesque, and Mr. Robson is a very clever burlesque actor, but still there was an indescribable something wanting in the performance which rendered it not altogether pleasing. Mr. Robson's great fault is a fondness for stretching his voice to the highest pitch, which although very funny in burlesque, when used with moderation, becomes tiresome and palls upon the ear when carried through an entire play; aside from this, the gentleman's Hamlet is a very droll and amusing piece of acting, and the play itself being filled with almost an alarming number of puns, good, bad and extremely indifferent, is a most side splitting affair, and causes the audience evident delight and merriment.

Mr. Geo. Jordan has returned from England, and is announced shortly to appear at the Olympic in "The Master of Ravenswood," a dramatization of Walter Scott's novel, which has been prepared expressly for him.

At Wallack's there is nothing new to record, save the revival of "Dreams of Delusion," in which Mr. Robinson gives us one of his best drawn and best acted characters; and "Rural Felicity," which is particularly noticeable for the droll acting of Mr. Holland, and a very badly sung duet between Miss Henriques and Miss Jennings.

On Monday evening of next week Mr. Lester

Wallack is to make his first appearance this season at this establishment, in an "entirely new and original comedy." Mr. Wallack is always a welcome visitor; as the exponent of a certain school of acting, not at all times natural, but always amusing, he is without a rival, and his appearance is always hailed with delight by the habitués of this exquisite temple of the Drama.

"Griffith Gaunt" is still in the high tide of success at the New York theatre, the acting is good, and although the dramatization is exceedingly bad, it boots but little to Messrs. Smith and Baker, so long as their charming little theatre is nightly crowded by large and enthusiastic audiences. The gentlemen have labored earnestly and well for success, and richly deserve it, whether it comes from an undeserving quarter or not.

The great dramatic event of the season took place on Tuesday evening of the present week, when "Hamlet" was revived at the Winter Garden, with Edwin Booth in his popular personation of the melancholy Dane. The house was crowded with an appreciative and enthusiastic audience, who insisted on Mr. Booth's appearance before the curtain at the conclusion of every act, and who, moreover, knew how to applaud in the right places—something of which a New York audience is very often ignorant.

Mr. Booth's Hamlet has become almost a "household word;" it is quoted by every school girl, romantic spinster, elegant young man and the majority of critics, as the very acme of tragic acting, and without doubt deserves many of the encomiums that have been passed upon it, being, by all odds, one of the best Hamlets of the present day. (To my fancy Mr. E. L. Davenport's is the best. Which criticism will doubtless cause the upturning of many fair noses.) The truth of the matter is, however, Mr. Booth indulges in too many mannerisms to render his performance of the part altogether agreeable; new readings and new "business" are both very good in their way, but Mr. Booth is too lavish in his use of them and at times shocks the truly critical ear and eye by vagaries of elocution, emphasis and action which do not in the least comport with the character of the noble Dane.

Take, for instance, his reading of the passage, in the first act, in which he speaks to Horatio of his deceased father, saying: "He was a man, take him for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again," which Mr. Booth reads in this wise: "He was a MAN! take him, for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again." This is eminently vulgar and far from the idea conveyed in the text. Then again, after his interview with the ghost, he falls prone upon his back and lies there during the delivery of the succeeding speech, for what reason I am at a loss to conceive, unless it be that the position is easier than the more proper one of kneeling and standing. One more, to me, glaring error, and then I am done with fault finding. At the conclusion of the play scene in the third act, when Hamlet is summoned to his mother's presence, Mr. Booth draws his dagger, leaving the stage with the words "I will speak daggers, but use none;" now this is literally applying "the action to the text and the text to the action," but it is impossible to find anything